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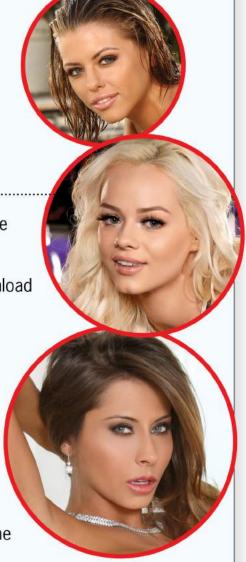
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It's a Saturday afternoon in the middle of summer and with the temperature over 100 degrees, there's no way I'm venturing outside. Since I love to just play by myself, I think that's going to be my day. There's times when a man, or woman, is just too much to deal with. Their personalities, their shortcomings, not

wanting to stop, or stop too soon. Why? Why put up with that? I can please myself nicely and I can, at times, be just as potent as when I'm with someone else. How's your Saturday going?























































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I have to meet some friends to go to the movies in an hour. Alex has come by and we're going together. I told him that my hormones are acting up and if he wants to fuck me, we've got to do it now. We gotta fuck quickly because I need enough time to cum. I like a slow build up, and then I explode into a crazy wild climax.

I hope Alex can hang on and please me. If not, I'm going to be eating a ton of popcorn at the movies.



















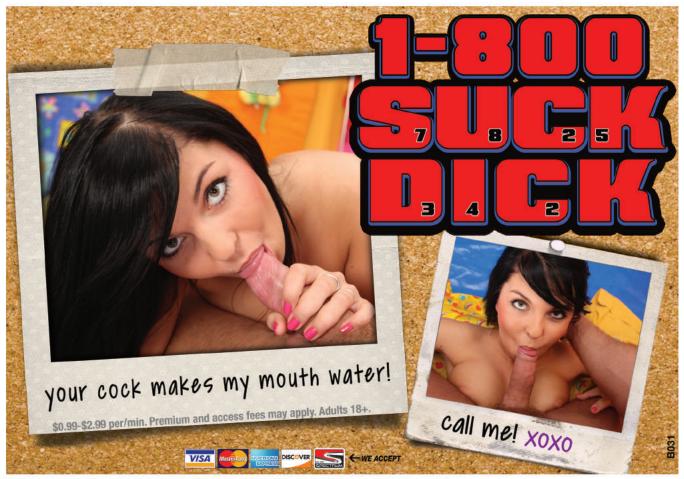
























RAT FUCK

Removing a filthy apron, Frank wiped his sweaty brow with a paper towel, punched his timecard, and drove straight to the local watering hole.

Today's lunch shift at the greasy spoon had been typically hellish; slaving over a hot grill for scarcely more than the minimum wage never failed to put him in a sour mood.

Time to get drunk, Frank thought, and laid. The former would be easier than the latter. Still, he usually managed to find a local bar slut itching for a proper poke. What with the separation and all, this was the best he could do. Denise, Frank's wife of eight years, had refused to join him in the Witness Protection Program. "Count me out," she had told her husband. "That's no life, no life at all."

Denise was right. After testifying against his old crew, the Feds had set Frank up with a new identity and shipped his ass halfway across the country to this small town in the middle of nowhere.

Of course he had nobody to blame but himself. A top earner for the Olivetti Family, Frank had been a loan shark, car thief, and drug dealer. He had even



Ryan's heated up my love life...

Yes, yes she is. As a matter of fact, she's even hotter than my wife, and she's a real head-turner. It's not just those beautifully big boobs, or bubble-butt tushy that's a turn on, but just look at that smile. It is one that encouraged me, yes, even if it was only on the page, to grab my 60 year old dick and whack one off to her pictorial. (but I must admit, it was several times not iust one!) So I finally broke down and told my wife I had bought the issue, and to my surprise she was okay with it. We thumbed thru the pages together and she could tell I was a bit too excited when I was looking at Ryan's pictures. What happened next blew me away, literally. Sitting there on the sofa, magazine in hand, my wife unzips my pants, reached in and pulls out my turgid cock, bends down and starts sucking it. She had never done this before. All I can say is, 'Thank you, Ryan!!!

- Sam J., Raleigh, NC

participated in a handful of contract killings.

So Frank, fearful of a lifetime behind bars, had become the lowest of the low, a stoolie, a filthy stinking rat. Even now, wheeling into the bar's gravel lot, he could see his old crew seated in the courtroom, each and every eye burning with hatred as he took the stand and commenced to singing like a canary.

The bar was dark and cool, just what he needed after cooking in a sweltering kitchen. He claimed a stool and nodded at Monty, the bartender, who promptly filled a mug with draught beer. Frank's first hit was magical, the cold suds providing instantaneous relief. The place had started to fill up with folks from the mill; second shift ended at threethirty and they, like Frank, were thirsty.

Frank had screwed his share of gals from the mill—Sissy, Gayle, Loretta.

Gayle had been his favorite. Gayle gave sloppy head. Frank looked for Gayle. No luck. But he did spot a new face, a chestnut haired hottie at the pinball machine. Lucky for Frank, it wasn't long before she ran out of quarters and joined him at the bar.

"Pinball wizard, huh?" he said by way of a snarky

greeting.

She looked at him and shrugged. "It passes the time."

"I'm Sal," Frank said. "Let me buy you a drink."

Of course everybody in town knew him as Sal. It was the lousy handle he had been given by the government.

"Come on," Frank persisted. "One drink."

"Okay," she said. "Sure." Frank bought Chestnut a beer and told her to put her dollar away. He dug a single from his wallet and slid it across the bar. "Four quarters, Monty."

"You play pinball?" Chestnut asked Frank.

"I do tonight," he said.

"I reckon I owe you a sympathy fuck," she said, "after embarrassing you at pinball..."

"I can't argue with that," Frank replied.

Her name was Doris and she had followed him to his place. Frank's mobile home was one of many identically dingy units comprising the trailer park he called home. It wasn't much, but the rent was cheap and he could walk to a nearby liquor store on those occasions when he was too drunk to drive.

Frank sat on his twin bunk and watched Doris's chestnut hair bob in his lap. Her mouth was hot and wet, her tongue multi-talented as she licked his shaft and lapped his balls. He lay back and groaned with pleasure as the preliminary hummer came to an end.

Having already shed her clothes, Doris straddled him and, grasping his member with one hand, lowered her slender hips. Frank marveled at the tightness of her



pussy as it sheathed him in its snug embrace.

He held her hips as she rode him. Doris bucked and grinded with authority, her movements frenetic yet controlled as she surrendered to her inner cockcrazed cowgirl.

"That's it," Frank urged her. "Ride that dick!"

And she did, hard and fast. He was content to let her do all the work. At least until they switched positions.

Now Doris, having assumed the doggy position atop his bunk, played the passive role. Frank rammed her from the rear, driving his cock into her cunt, releasing the day's frustrations with each forceful thrust.

It was a temporary respite, sure, but he took what he could get. Snitching on the crew and being labeled a rat, losing Denise, his menial job and shabby

living conditions, none of it seemed so awful at the moment, not with his dick pounding Doris's gash.

She came with a contented sigh. On the verge of exploding, he pulled out. Doris turned around and sat on the edge of the bunk. Frank stood there beside her and presented his cock.

She licked her lips lewdly. "Stroke it for me, baby. I want your cum all over my face . . ."

Frank jerked off, tugging and stroking and pulling his prick until it went off like a Roman candle. Doris got her wish. By the time he was through her face was liberally coated with ball sauce.

"Mercy, she said, "I must look a sight."

Frank said, "Yeah, well, it builds up over time."

"You poor, baby."

"Care to join me in the shower?" he asked her.

"I don't think so." Doris wiped her face with a paper towel from the tiny kitchenette. "It's late. I should probably be getting home. Tomorrow's a workday."

Frank didn't ask her where she worked. Probably the mill, he thought. Hell, don't they all?

"Suit yourself," he told her. "Be sure to lock the door on your way out."

"Will do," Doris replied.

She got dressed and stood by the door, waiting until Frank had been in the shower for at least a minute. She reached inside her purse and produced a pair of gloves and a silencer-equipped .22 target pistol.

She put on the gloves and padded to what passed for a bathroom in the cramped trailer. Frank was a shadow behind the stall door. She opened the door with her left hand, raised the gun with her right.

Doris shot him twice.

Frank, his hair foamy with shampoo, dropped like a sack of onions. She shot him a third time. Then she turned off the shower and exited the trailer.

"So long, Frank," Doris, whose real name was Celeste, said around a cigarette as she drove back to her motel.

Now that the job was done she could finally get out of this dreadful hick town. Hell, she had done Frank a favor. What a miserable place to live.

She was eager to get back home, back to the city that never slept—the city that had turned her into one of the most feared assassins the Mafia had ever produced.

- Frank's buddy Alex, Dallas

THE LADIES OF LOSS PREVENTION

Of course I could have ordered the thing online; that's what most people would've done. Folks like the anonymity factor. But I wanted it immediately.

I was horny and couldn't wait any longer. Enough was enough. So I drove to the adult superstore and went straight to the toy section.

They had a dizzying selection of male strokers, every make and model imaginable. I felt a bit overwhelmed. It was like trying to pick out a box of breakfast cereal. Too many choices, I mused, shaking my head in dismay.

I finally went with one of the pricier models. "You get," I muttered to myself, "what you pay for . . ."

I made my way to the cash register at the front of the store. I had almost reached the end of the toy aisle when I heard a familiar voice.

I froze in my tracks. Surely not, I thought.

Peeking around the corner of the aisle, I could hardly believe my eyes.

It was her all right—Libby, my ex-girlfriend!

Last thing I wanted was for her to see me buying a fake pussy. No doubt she would peg me for a real loser, a desperate and pathetic man who couldn't get a real woman. Hell, she might even laugh in my face.

The coldhearted wench had dumped me three weeks ago. Depressed and lonely, I had yet to summon the motivation to start dating again, hence my decision to buy a sex toy. The male stroker, I had figured,



would tide me over until I was ready to resume dating.

"Shit," I mumbled, wracking my brain for a solution.

I had two choices . . . Steal the thing.

Or put it back on the shelf and leave the store empty handed, doing my damndest to slip out the door unnoticed.

Buying such an item from my ex-girlfriend was out of the question; my male ego simply wouldn't allow it.

I went with the second option.

Having pressed the relatively small package against my stomach, I zipped my jacket to the throat and continued my surveillance of Libby. It wasn't long before a female customer asked for help in the lingerie department. No sooner had Libby vacated the register to assist the woman than I made my move.

I made it out the door—

thankfully there was no alarm—and into the parking lot before my world crumbled. I heard footsteps approaching from behind; this mere seconds before a strong hand grabbed my upper arm and spun me around.

"I'm with loss prevention." The woman was an imposing Amazon with blonde hair and icy blue eyes. "I'm afraid you'll have to come back inside . . ."

I said my world crumbled.

And it did.

At least until Libby, having gotten a coworker to man the register, entered the small office where the Amazon had taken me.

My ex-girlfriend was surprised to see me, you bet. But her surprise soon gave way to a shrewd cunning reflected in her attractive features. "I hope Andrea wasn't too rough with you," she said to me. "Sometimes she gets a little carried away."

Libby went on to tell me that she had recently quit her pharmaceutical sales job to manage the adult superstore. Andrea, she continued, had helped her in this regard. It didn't take a genius to figure it out. They were an item, Libby and Andrea. My ex-girlfriend had dumped me for a woman. What with her new job and all, it was obvious that she had been craving a total life makeover.

But old habits die hard.

Libby still craved cock, she told me, and would be more than willing to forget the unfortunate shoplifting incident if I would help her with this.

"What about Andrea?" I asked.

"She likes to watch," Libby told me.

Andrea confirmed this when she took off her clothes and sat on the edge of a cluttered desk. Lifting an impossibly long leg, she placed her foot atop the desk, effectively parting her pussy which she rubbed and petted affectionately.

I watched in amazement as Libby knelt before Andrea, moved her hand out of the way, and proceeded to lap her girlfriend's cunt. Andrea regarded me with those icy blue eyes of hers, challenging me to rise to the occasion.

My cock was hard and itching to be freed. I unzipped, whipped it out, and commenced to stroking myself. Watching Libby go down on another woman was super hot, and it took every once of my self control not to toss one off right then and there.

"Wow," Andrea said to Libby, running a hand







through my ex-girlfriend's red tresses. "Your ex is really hung."

Libby withdrew her face from Andrea's crotch and turned it my way. She smiled and licked her lips lewdly. "Yummy," she told me.

Libby left Andrea to her own devices—or device, as it were; hers turned out to be a pink dildo plucked from the desk drawer—and joined me.

Crouching there on the floor, she fondled my balls and licked my shaft. Three weeks of eating Andrea's pussy had in no way diminished Libby's cock sucking skills. She gave me one of the best blowjobs I had ever had.

Meanwhile Andrea maintained her position atop the desk, pumping the dildo in and out of her gaping pink fuckhole. She had big tits, Andrea did, much larger than Libby's. I imagined Libby swirling her tongue across those stiff nipples; this image in tandem with Libby's talented mouth brought me precariously close to the brink.

Attuned to this, Libby withdrew her mouth from my cock, allowing me a moment to recover while she sat on the desk beside Andrea and leaned back on her elbows. She spread her legs, giving me a nice view of her hairless gash. "Get over here and fuck me," she said. "Make this tight pussy come . . ."

Andrea pumped the dildo faster and faster as I fucked Libby. Standing there before the desk, I thrust repeatedly, hammering her with everything I had. She lay there,



her mouth agape, her eyes glazed, taking every inch.

"Oh, yeah!" Libby shuddered beneath me. "I'm coming! Aaaaaaahh-hhhhhhh!"

I pulled out and waved my cock before Andrea. Libby had said that her Amazon girlfriend liked to watch. Call it wishful thinking on my part, but I was hoping to entice her to be more than just a spectator.

Andrea was all for it.

She placed the dildo on the desk, dropped to her knees, and finished me with her mouth. I came all over her big tits, glazing them with a sizable load.

Libby kept her end of the bargain by not calling the police. Even better, she gave me a nifty discount on the stroker I had tried to steal

A whopping fifty percent off!part of his cock and balls. We play this little game if he can figure out the letter or number I'm making with my tongue or fingers on his cock. He's right less than half the time and makes me repeat some over and over again (I think he likes the way those letters feel). Sometimes, I'll hum as I have him in my mouth and sometimes I'll talk dirty and tell him what I'm going to do to him.

Now for the good part, as if all that wasn't good enough. I put his foot down so both are on the ground. If I can tolerate kneeling some more, I'll stay there, if not I'll sit on the edge of something. Either way I take his butt cheeks in each hand and pull him to me. His cock in my mouth, I can take it all and deep. But the best of all is I have better access to his anus. As I'm sucking him, I'll sneak a finger or two into my mouth to lube it up and then back to his butt. I play around the outside of his butthole.

When I feel that it's loosened up, I'll push a

finger in and gently twirl it around and in and out. I'm still working his cock with my mouth and other hand and slip it down to his balls now and then. Now is the time I fall back on the bed, pulling him down with me, cock still in my mouth and he begins to fuck my mouth much harder.

Now it's his turn to do the work. I hold my one hand around his cock to keep him from smashing my nose and lips, and work his butthole more and more. We've gotten to the point where he can take two fingers in it and he loves it.

He'll start moaning harder and louder and I can tell he's about to cum. We have an understanding that he'll tell me just before he cums where he wants to do it. Sometimes it will be on my chest, my neck, my face, and sometimes he wants me to swallow it.

Sometimes I'll slurp it up, or I'll squeeze it back out of my mouth so it drips down my chin and, his favorite, I'll hold his hips hard into me with his cock as far down my throat as it will go and it squirts straight down my throat. Yummmmy. Then, I'll hold his cock in my mouth and lick it all clean as he watches me get every last drop. Sex is a very visual act for us.

- Name withheld upon request

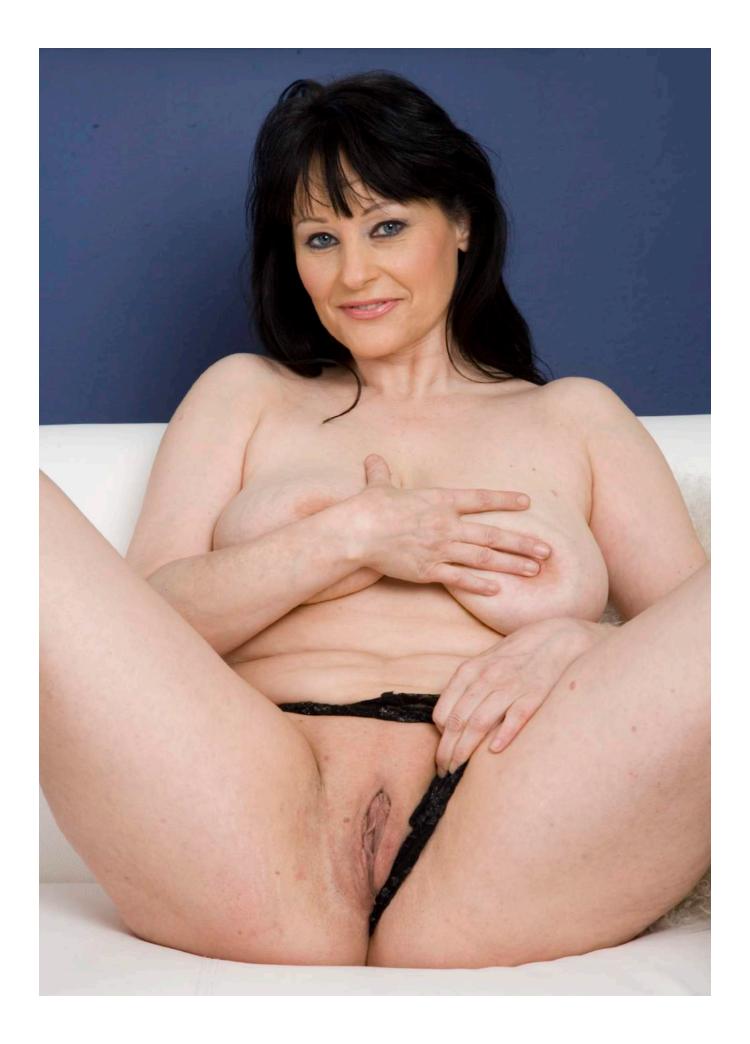
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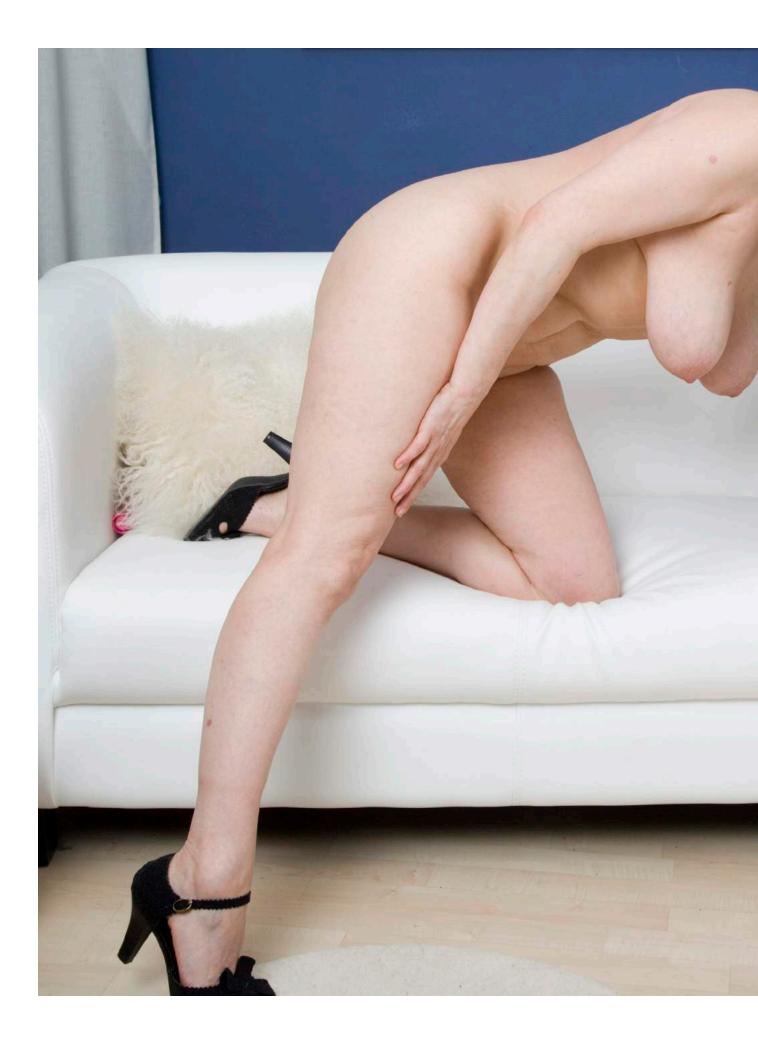
Some people might hate being single, but not me. I love it. After several relationships, bad break ups and constant drama, I'm enjoying the single life once again. It's the type of life where you can do anything with anybody at any time and any place. It didn't take long for me to experiment with new men and then slowly move on to another one.

I like to fill the hours in between by playing with myself. That's part of the fun of being single. No one to judge you. But if you decide you should, judge me naughty.





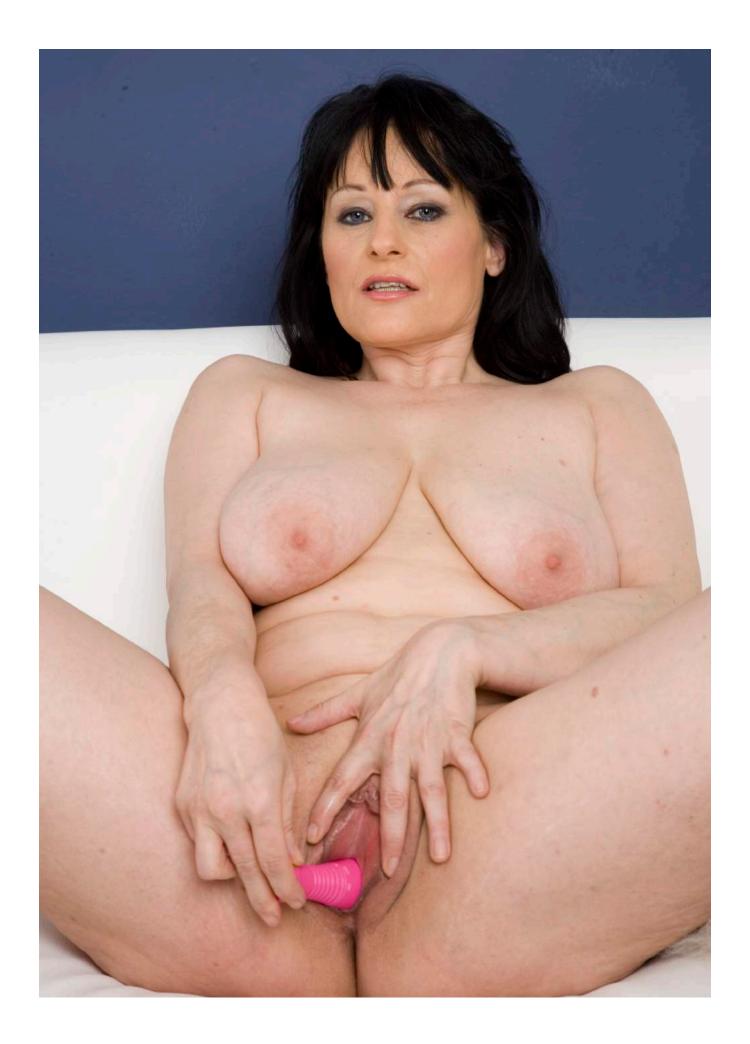






























We never ever get tired of watching sexy ladies when they end up getting together and finding time to pleasure each other. Tanya was feeling frisky when she called her two friends to come over to the house and party with her. She waited for them, wearing only a bra and panty. These lovely ladies didn't waste any time making out and then tasting each other. They didn't just lick pussies, they ordered pizza.

& Abby & Jillian

After few hours of frolicking around, they worked up an appetite. When the pizza came, Tanya answered the door completely naked.

Go Tanya!









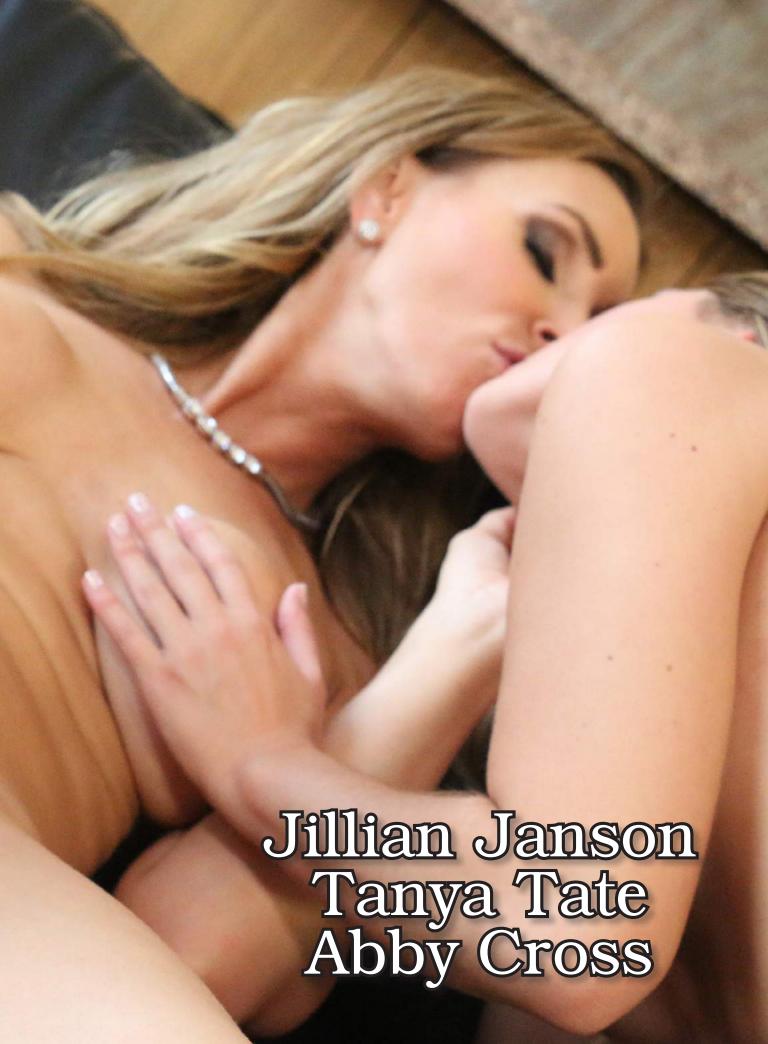








































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Dezzie is the type of school teacher we wish we had. Studious but sexy. Reserved but raunchy. One day we walked in on her after class and she was writing stickie notes to herself and rolling around on her desk.

She asked us to close the door and take a seat. She was going to show us some things that she couldn't do in class. We grabbed a seat and immedately she started to unbutton her blouse as we pulled out our camera.











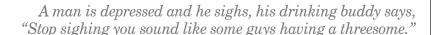














My Wife and Two Studs

A QUIET EVENING WITH TWO COUPLES TURNED INTO A WILD NIGHT FOR ONE MAN'S WIFE

I would not normally write something like this, but just I couldn't resist. I doubt my wife would ever get ahold of a magazine like this. I'd like to think your readers would appreciate my sharing this high point in my life with them.

It happened almost 10 years ago, but I can recall every little bit of that special night. In my long and lonesome nights I must have masturbated to hundreds of orgasms while reliving the incident.

I am a European and a ship's officer, trading in the Far East and on the Pacific Coast. For 18 years I have

been married to one of the most gorgeous girls one can dream about and our marriage has been a happy one. Eva is not only pretty and very attractive, she is also extremely sexy. But I am confident that she is reasonably faithful to me while I am away—not 100 percent; nobody can expect that from a 37-year-old seaman's wife looking like my wife does—but whatever she does is done very discreetly and I have no reason to ask her about anything.

We were flirting around after we first got married, but not more than any other couple. I had a few on the side and I guess Eva had the same, but about that I was not completely certain. I was home on shore leave when we had visitors one evening. It was sweet little Alma, Eva's 18-year-old sister, and Paula, her girlfriend. We had a few drinks. As it was a Saturday



night, Eva and I decided to go along with the girls to a club.

A couple of young seamen sat at the same long table as we did and they started to dance with the two young girls. The seamen were around 20 years old and very polite, but had not too much knowledge of English as they came from Latin America. However, the four of them somehow managed to hold a conversation. Eva suggested that I buy them drinks and so I did. When it got to be about closing time we agreed that we should continue our little party at my

place, as I had a few bottles of good whiskey.

We only had a one-room apartment, since Eva was alone most of the time. It was a large room with a nook, large enough that we had put our bed in there and it was covered with heavy curtains. Otherwise we only had a bathroom and a small kitchenette.

We had a few stiff drinks and I could not help but notice one of the young men becoming quite preoccupied with my. She did not seem to mind his attention at all. And I did not mind either, because pretty and young Paula, who was feeling tipsy, seemed to have taken a liking to me. She kissed me on my mouth openly, and after a while Eva called me over to the kitchen, pretending we were going to make more drinks.













So as not to kill the vibe of the party, she suggested that I take care of Paula since it was obvious that she liked me. Meanwhile, she would take care of Sam.

She whispered in my ear that it looked like Sam, one of the young sailors, and Paula did not seem to like each other. So as not to kill the vibe of the party, she suggested that I take care of Paula since it was obvious that she liked me. Meanwhile, she would take care of Sam, and so I agreed.

We ended up with me sitting in an easy chair with Paula on my lap and the two sisters cuddling up with



the two strangers on the sofa. We were all kissing and petting and generally having a good time together. Then Paula pretended to be drunk and said she wanted to lie down. So Eva suggested we lie down on the bed behind the curtains. Eva felt certain that nothing would happen with me and the young girl; she obviously did not know this girl too well.

Paula lay down in her dress and she whispered that I had better take off my pants; otherwise they would be pretty wrinkled, and so I did. The lights were shut off and it was dark inside the nook. I dragged Paula onto me and gave her a hot kiss, but she told me to wait and got out of the bed.

She looked through the small opening between the curtains for a few minutes. I thought she only wanted to see if Eva was into her petting again and would not disturb us, but then I got curious when she did not come back to bed. I went up and peeked through the curtains. It looked like both Alma and her friend was sound asleep, but we could not say the same about Sam and Eva.

They were both lying on their sides, facing each other. It was pretty dark in the room, but we could see the white of Eva's thighs and ass as her dark skirt had been pulled up to her hips. They were both holding each other and kissing heavily and I could see the jerking of Eva's hips as she moved back and forth toward Sam. Even pretty drunk I was quite shocked to see it and I whispered to Paula, "She is having him."

Paula took another look and said. "Nonsense, they are only pushing." I think I was kind of relieved it would be shocking if she did a thing like that with her sister beside her and me also around. But suddenly I felt Paula's hand on my quivering hard cock inside my boxers, and I had other things to occupy my mind with.

We went under the bedspread and I pulled her skirt up and started to feel her breasts while kissing her and pushing my hard cock into her pussy. I still was not sure if I dared to try and fuck her, but she left no doubt in my mind when she reached down and pulled my dick out of my undies.

I turned her on her side, her back toward me. I eased down her panties and then I pushed my cock in between her thighs. She lifted up her right leg and in a second I had my cock inside her juicy cunt. It felt like heaven, sliding my by dick in and out of Paula's tight, young wet pussy. Lying behind her, I had one hand on her jutting breast and the other tickling her clit. She was gasping in orgasmic bliss, but then I had to stop. She continued fucking me, but I said in a whisper that she'd better not. I was ready to come and I did not want to take the chance of getting her pregnant. She turned halfway around and said, "Don't hold back. I'm protected."

I have experienced many beautiful orgasms in my loving years, but I must say that nothing I can remember beats the orgasm that I had at the moment. I let myself spurt into that young woman. It was like I would never stop and I could feel how she writhed and wriggled as she obviously could feel the spurting of my cock. Even today I remember that special moment when I let go and fired my hot load into Paula.

I guess most of these stories have a happy ending like the one I just described. If that was the height of the evening I would not even have bothered to write this story about it. It turned out only to be an







Eva still had her clothes on, however her top was opened and her breasts were fully out... and she had no panties on; they were bunched on the floor.

interlude. Shall I call it an overture? There was more to come, a hell of a lot more.

I wanted to relax after having orgasmed into Paula but she stepped out of the bed again, spying on the couples outside. I went over beside her and again I saw only Eva and Sam fooling around; the others were asleep. Then I heard a low moan and saw the boy's hand in front of my wife's crotch, but even



though he fingered her they did not fuck. I was tired and I went to sleep, and I guess Paula did the same.

I only awoke halfway when Alma came in and told Paula they had to leave and go home. They were all up but I was sleepy and went to sleep again. I do not know how long I slept before waking up with a dry throat. It was still only about 5 o'clock in the morning, but I saw the daylight approaching. What was the first thing that alerted me? I don't know. Perhaps finding out that Eva was still not in bed.

No, it could not have been. She could be sleeping on the sofa as it was such a warm day. More likely it was the sounds I heard and wondered about, while still not fully awake. But suddenly I was awake.

In the still of the morning the sounds from outside my room were loud and noisy. It almost sounded like someone in pain before I became clear in my head and realized that it came from a couple in strong sexual play. I kept very quiet when I stole out from my bed and approached the curtains. The gasps and moans filled my ears and I felt shaky as I put my eye to the curtain opening. I had believed that all our guests had left at the same time, but now I realized that Eva must have been holding back, only because her sister was there. Eva still had her clothes on, however her top was opened and her breasts were fully out. Her skirt was up to her stomach and she had no panties on; they were bunched on the floor.

Sam had put himself in her saddle and he was riding her in a gallop when I looked. Eva was orgasming the whole time, thrashing her head back and forth and gasping loudly. Finally I saw Sam getting ready. He slowed down his pace a bit and his thrusting became more intense as he spurted his cum into my waiting wife. I was holding my cock which despite my recent coming, was hard as a rock. I saw Sam ready to get up from Eva's saddle. He was almost ready to go back to bed when the shock came.

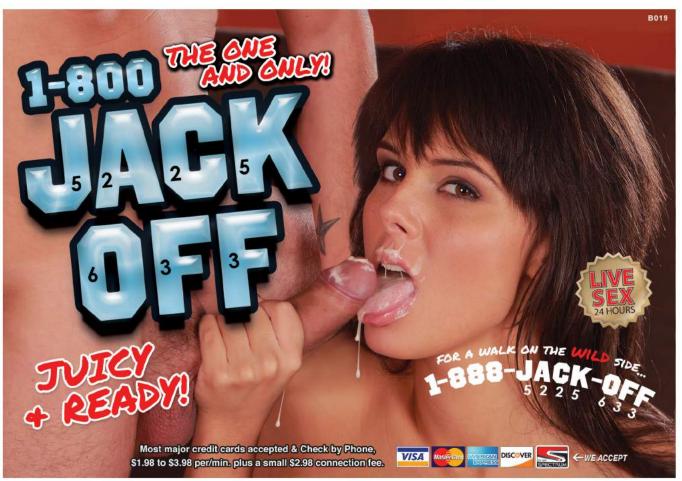
Suddenly a naked man appeared beside the sexing couple. Evidently he had been sitting in a chair outside of my view and waiting for Sam to finish. His friend was standing in profile from me and I gasped when I saw that tremendous cock of his stand out like a flagpole. It was truly immense; the likes of which I had never seen before.

I was aghast when I realized that he stood there, actually waiting for his turn. It was like the hottest dream, seeing how Sam retracted from my wife and, as soon as he had gotten up, the other guy got down on her and impaled her swollen cunt. There was no protest at all from Eva. She opened her legs even more as he started to shove his cock into her. And now I was witnessing one of the strongest fucks I had ever witnessed... or even imagined.

I got back in my bed and slipped under the covers, unable to hold back an incredible orgasm which I, in the last moment, managed to hide with the help of a few tissues.

Except for Alma, the night had been most perfect. When the two young studs had been denied their wishes from the two young girls, my attractive wife had stepped in and helped out—not to anyone's dismay, I am sure!

As for my own time spent with Paula, well, it had been excellent. However, the real high point of that little party is what I have jerked off to ever since, thinking about when my prudish wife had gotten fucked by two hot studs at the same time.































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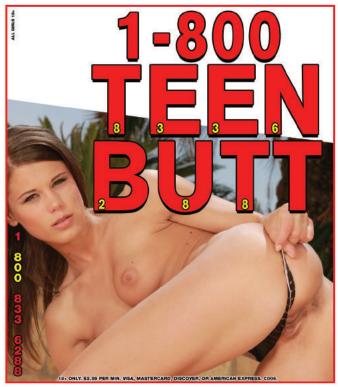


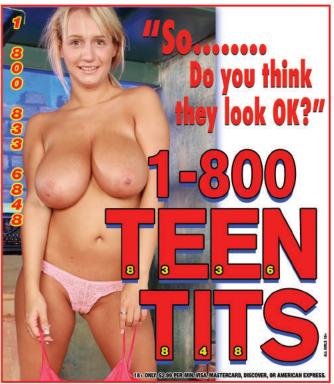
























"Ah, boobies. They're soft, squishy and quite kissable. I love to have my boobs adored. Men, keep in mind if a bikini didn't cover them, you'd get bored of seeing boobs all the time. Then there's my mouth. Warm and wet, it likes to feel a big hard cock inside of it. I've had plenty of practice licking and sucking, and all the guys appreciate my technique. They like my soft lips wrapping around the head and the brush of my teeth as I go up and down the shaft.

But don't think I have forgotten my pussy. No way, it's the magnet that draws and keeps men. It's what they all aspire to possess, and when we give it up, it's heaven.











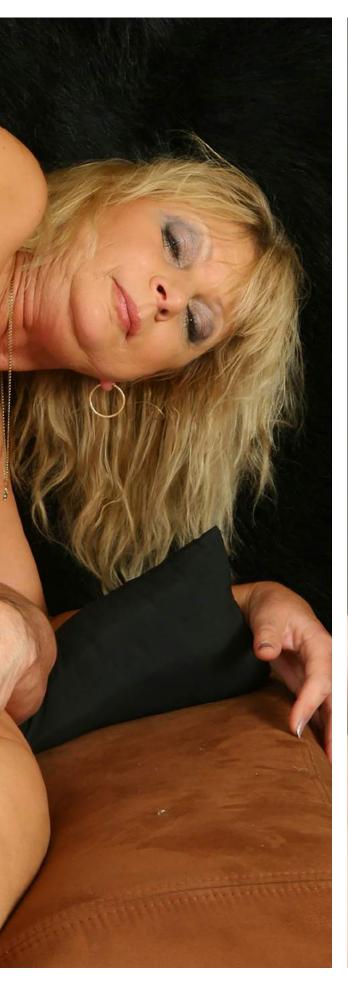








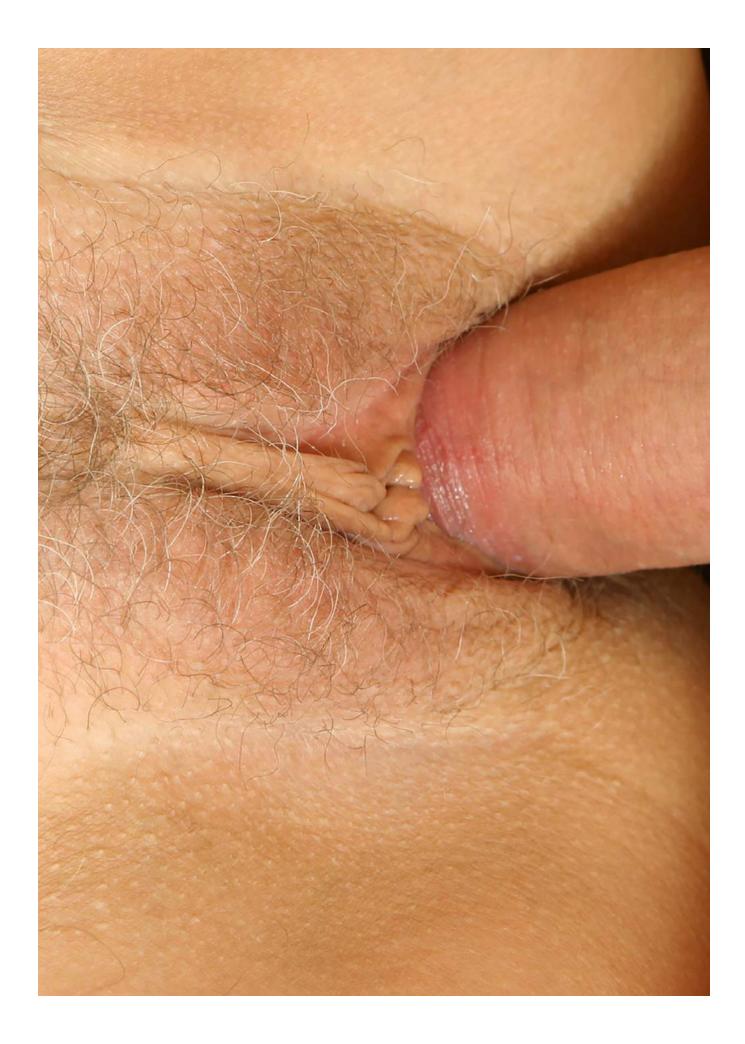














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